

Lou Reed & John Cale

"Starlight"

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Starlight open wide, starlight open up you door This is
New York calling with movies on the street Movies with
real people, what you get is what you see Starlight
open wide, Andy's Cecil B. DeMille Come on L.A. give us
a call We've got superstars who talk, they'll do anything
at all Ingrid, Viva, Little Joe, Baby Jane, and Eddie S. But
you better call us soon before we talk ourselves to
death Starlight open wide everybody is a star Split
screen 8-hour movies, we've got color, we've got
sound Won't you recognize us, we're everything you
hate Andy loves old Hollywood movies, he'll scare you
hypocrites to death You know that shooting up's for
real That person who's screaming, that's the way he
really feels We're all improvising, five movies in a week
If Hollywood doesn't call us, we'll be sick Starlight open
wide, do to movies what you did to art Can you see
beauty in ugliness, or is it playing in the dirt There are
stars out on the New York streets, we want to capture
them on film But if no one wants to see them, we'll
make another and another Starlight let us in that magic
room We've all dreamt of Hollywood, it can't happen
too soon Won't you give us a million dollars the rent is
due And will give you 2 movies and a painting Starlight
open wide !

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